

Topika

A MODERN HERO.

SUSAN ARCHER IN SATURDAY NIGHT.

There is a very pleasant party assembled at Brandon—the fine old country house of Colonel Carey. The gentlemen have come for a fortnight's wild-duck shooting; and the ladies have come because the gentlemen were expected.

One wet morning, when the gentlemen found themselves confined to the house, and the ladies secretly rejoiced thereat, Miss Moore sat on a low ottoman, in the window of the summer parlor, reading.

Two or three of her friends were about her, and at a distant window were Miss Scudamore and Mr. Traverso engaged in a game of chess. Mr. Traverso, it may be remarked, played chess no better than he did billiards.

"Marian, what is that great book in which you are so much interested?" She held it up—Days of Chivalry, with illustrations, representing knights in armor, jousts and tournaments.

"Ah!" she said, with just the suggestion of a sigh, "these were the days in which I should like to have lived—"

"When men were brave, and ladies fair, and hearts and hands were strong to dare whatever hands might do."

What a pity that the age of chivalry has passed away, and gallant knights no longer exist!"

"Yes," assented Miss Lindsay, who was romantic, and proud of her reputed descent from the Scotch clan whose name she bore; "think of Bruce and Wallace, and all Sir Walter's charming heroes."

"And of Count de Leon, and William of Normandy," said Marian, "and all the flower of chivalry of which we read."

A shadow of a smile hovered about Mr. Traverso's lip.

At the same instant Miss Scudamore said: "Your knight might have taken my castle, Mr. Traverso. As it is, you lose your knight," and she removed the piece from the board.

Marian glanced sarcastically in that direction.

"If castles were to be stormed in these days," she remarked, "I wonder where the knights could be found to do it?"

"Check!" said Miss Scudamore; and Mr. Traverso became apparently absorbed in the situation.

"To what do you attribute the decline of chivalry, Miss Moore?" inquired young Rawdon, taking up the subject in order to please her.

"To a natural degeneracy of the race," she answered, half playfully, half in earnest; "or, perhaps, to the luxury and effeminacy of the age. Men who wear silken neckties instead of steel gorgets, and whose most warlike exploit is wild-duck shooting—who can't face an April shower without an umbrella, or an October breeze without an overcoat—"

"Checkmate!" said Miss Scudamore. "Most only expect to be checkmated," she concluded with a pretty little curl of the lip, that might have been either mischief or earnest.

Mr. Traverso took up the gauntlet thus thrown down. He turned, and said, coolly:

"So you maintain, Miss Moore, that, because men of the nineteenth century do not promenade Broadway in coats of mail, with battle-axes on their shoulders, or parade Fifth Avenue in plumed helmets and with lances in rest, they must necessarily be less brave and chivalrous than those of some centuries past?"

Marian flushed a little, while a smile went round, even among the gentlemen.

"I did not say that exactly, Mr. Traverso. I only observed that men of the present age are less daring, less heroic, less strong and hardy than those of a past age."

"And, as a sequence, less worthy of the esteem and regard of the fair sex?"

"So far as courage and a chivalrous devotion to the fair sex are worthy of commanding their esteem and regard," she replied pointedly.

"Admitting the chivalrous devotion of your knightly models, may I be permitted to suggest that the men of our time, though they do not win their lady-loves at point of the lance, may yet be quite as honorable and heroic as those who did so?"

"We may not challenge a rival to mortal combat, nor insist upon every other man acknowledging our own lady-love to be the fairest of the fair; but neither do we, like William of Normandy, knock down our sweethearts in the street; nor like him of the Lion Heart, drive our devoted wives from our presence with blows. So far you will permit me to defend ourselves."

Miss Moore saw clearly that the argument was against her. Then, also, Mr. Traverso was so cool, and almost careless in his way of putting her down; while she was, as she was conscious, somewhat excited—somewhat vexed even.

"That was only their rough way of expressing a consciousness of superiority to the weak and timid sex," she remarked. "To effect such superiority now would not do you any harm, Mr. Traverso. And if women have grown what is independent than formerly, it is because men have become so much more effeminate. We don't now look for heroes with battle-axes, who will fight for us if need be, but for dandies with canes, and exquisites who will invite us to waltz in ball-rooms."

She repeated the words the moment they were uttered. Traverso's quiet, dark-gray eyes met hers for an instant; and then he turned, with a smile, to reply to the remark of Mrs. Carey, who hastily came to the rescue.

"Oh, Marian, how can you be so rash?" said Miss Scudamore. "Mr. Traverso will never forgive you!"

And there was something in her eyes which said plainly that, in her secret soul, she hoped he never would. Not that Miss Scudamore was what everybody called her—a "nice, sweet girl," and very fond of Marian; but then there may be hopes and interests to which even the claims of friendship may be sometimes subordinate. And just now the peculiar interests of the fair Evelyn appeared to depend very much upon not allowing Mr. Traverso to become too much interested in Marian Moore. For if he were not already somewhat attracted by her, why was it that he generally happened to be in her vicinity, and that he heard all that she said, though he seldom replied to it? And as for Marian, why did she trouble herself to notice Mr. Traverso, if she really thought him so little worthy of

notice? And why should she talk to him, if she did not care to talk to him? So, with an acute feminine instinct, reasoned Miss Scudamore; and yet certain it is that, if she hinted such an idea to Miss Moore, it would have been received by that young lady with a genuine smile of amusement.

The day, that had been so wet, culminated in a stormy night. Mr. Traverso, aroused by the roar of the tempest, arose, opened his window, and looked forth into the black darkness, illumined by vivid lightning.

The wind blew back his hair, and as the quivering light played over his face and figure, it showed his form erect, and his fine eyes lit up with an unwonted fire.

"I must see what a storm looks like on this coast," was the thought. "Nothing very grand, I suppose, but it may be worth seeing—and at any rate, will afford a variety to this very tame sort of life."

Attiring himself in his rough sporting habiliments, he stole quietly down and out at a side door, without arousing any one. A few moments after, he was facing the wind on the bluff over-looking the low-lying coast-line which bordered the broad inlet of the Atlantic, and which now, in the lightning gleams, looked one sheet of seething foam.

If the elements of this man's soul hadn't been in accordance with the grandeur and wild beauty of the scene around him, he wouldn't have lingered amid it, nor have followed the curve of the coast to the rocky point beyond, where a light-house shed a feeble and obscured ray across the wild waste of waters.

Here, just below him, on the beach, he distinguished a group of figures; and straining his eyes farther into the obscurity, he could make out the form of a vessel, fixed amid a group of rocks, not two hundred yards from the shore.

Letting himself down from the almost perpendicular face of the cliff, he stood amid the fishermen on the beach.

"Why do you stand idle?" he inquired, almost fiercely. "Have you a boat?"

"No boat that could stand in a surfer like this," was the answer.

"Cannot one of you swim out with a rope? If we could get a rope aboard, the crew could be saved."

"No doubt of it. But the first man that went out would be dashed to pieces on the rocks."

Traverso stood silently looking out toward the ship. He could see the hopeless crew clustered on one end of the deck, vainly looking for the help that came not. It was evident to him that she must go to pieces in less than an hour.

"Have you a rope?" he asked, of the man nearest him.

"Plenty in the light-house, sir."

"Then get it as quickly as possible. I will make an effort to save them, if no one else will."

"It will be just throwing your life away, sir," remonstrated one of the men. "Take my advice, and don't risk it."

"I have been shipwrecked on the coast of North Ireland, and have braved the surf of the Marquesas," he replied, quietly.

"The eyes of the old man brightened. 'You're a gentleman, I see, sir,' he observed; 'but you're a sailor, too, and the true grit. If you will run the risk, depend on me to help you all I can.'"

The preparations were quickly made. A double coil of the rope was passed around his waist, and divested of his heavy jacket, cap and boots, he stood prepared for the perilous attempt.

Charging them to be sure to play out the rope freely, he selected a proper place to start—a point of the cliff where the water was deep and clear of rocks—and, having made a short run, he leaped into the seething waves full four and twenty feet clear of the cliff.

Breathless the men looked on; and almost a groan broke from the old seaman as he saw a mighty wave come foaming in toward the shore. Traverso saw it, too; and now he is to put into practice the skill he acquired in his old experience of the Pacific surf.

Taking a full, steady breath, he watched his time, and, as the mighty crest creased itself as if to overwhelm him, he dives and disappears.

The billow rushes on, and he rises far beyond it, only to repeat the manoeuvre again and again, with each successive wave, until at length, breathless and nearly exhausted, he reaches the ship.

The sailors watch—ah! only drowning men can watch—the preparations made on the shore. They have seen the leap from the cliff, but without hope, for it was, as they well knew, a sea in which not many could live, and a brief, excited cheer broke from them, as suddenly, from the seething waves, came a cry:

"Ship ahoy!"

A life-boat was instantly thrown. At first it misses, but a second attempt is more successful. It is reached, grasped, and in another minute the bold swimmer is on board, while from the cliff cheer after cheer makes itself faintly heard above the roar of the storm.

No time is to be lost, for the vessel shows signs of breaking up. A strong cable is attached to the rope and drawn on board; and along this the hardy seamen pass the captain and Traverso among them. In five minutes all are safe ashore; but ten minutes more and the vessel had disappeared.

A messenger had been dispatched to Brandon, with news of the wreck. All are aroused, great fires are lighted, and cordials, brandy and blankets abound.

"Good heavens, Marian!" cried Miss Scudamore, rushing into her friend's apartment, "what is the matter? Is—the house on fire?"

Marian was frightened too, if she would have confessed it. But she only said, with an effort at bravery:

"I don't know. Let me put on my dressing-gown, and we'll go and see."

"Oh, miss!" breathlessly cried the maid, rushing in, "misses says don't be frightened, and it's only a shipwreck, and the ship gone down, and the drowned sailors all brought up to Brandon by Tompkins, that master sent for 'em, and down in the kitchen now, drying their selves and drinking hot brandy."

"Drowned men?" cried Evelyn, turning pale.

"Not 'zactly drowned, please, miss, only wrecked and wet; and if you would like to see 'em, and hear the captain talking about how they were saved—"

"By all means!" cried Marian. "Let us see these poor, brave men. Shipwrecked sailors! Delightful!"

So down stairs they went, where, by this time, all the other guests were assembled—all but Mr. Traverso, who, having privately and unseen, except by Tompkins, made his way to his own room, was there refreshing himself with a warm bath and dry clothes.

Everybody was gathered around the captain, who was, in his own nautical fashion, giving a glowing and eloquent account of the manner in which he and his crew had been rescued from Dary Jones' locker. But to the reiterated inquiries as to who their preserver had been, he confessed himself unable to reply. Neither could the coast people throw any light upon the matter.

"In fact, I skersely saw him at all," said the captain. "I only saw that he was tall, and didn't seem like a common sort o' man; and though he wasn't dressed, I'd say he was a gentleman."

"A gentleman?" repeated Miss Moore, sarcastically. "There are no gentlemen in the neighborhood except those at Brandon; and I should like to know which of our gallant heroes has so distinguished himself to-night. Perhaps it was Captain Warren, or probably Mr. Traverso?"

"By-the-way, where is Traverso?" inquired Colonel Carey, looking around. Has anyone seen him to-night?"

"Mr. Traverso, sir," replied Tompkins, stepping forward—"Mr. Traverso is in his room, a-dressing himself."

"Of course," remarked Miss Moore, "we can't expect him to show himself in the presence of shipwrecked sailors without a moustache and necktie in perfect order. I am only surprised that he should get up at all on such an uninteresting occasion."

"I am obliged for your good opinion, Miss Moore," said the voice of Mr. Traverso, behind her.

He was looking not quite like his usual self—a trifle pale, a trifle tired, perhaps; and his hair and beard, though neatly arranged, were still evidently damp.

Marian was vexed to find herself so caught; and she watched Mr. Traverso, as Miss Scudamore commenced repeating to him an enthusiastic account of the night's event, and the heroism of the unknown deliverer.

He listened without remark, and, in the midst of the story, helped himself to some of the cold meat upon the table.

"Wasn't it splendid, Mr. Traverso? And what makes it the more interesting is that we can't find out who this mysterious unknown hero was?"

"Very romantic, certainly. May I beg you for a cup of coffee, my dear madam?" addressing Mrs. Carey.

The captain turned at the sound of his voice, and stared at him earnestly.

"He said," he remarked, slowly, and with his eyes still fixed upon the fastidiously-dressed gentleman before him—"the said that he had once been shipwrecked, and that he had been used to the surf of the Marquesas."

Traverso smiled and nodded as he slipped his coffee.

"Then, by gosh, it was you sir! Though, dash me, if I can bring myself to believe it!"

There was a commotion, an explanation and an excitement. Miss Moore was the only person present who did not express surprise, or who did not utter a word of admiration and congratulation. She met Traverso's eye for a single instant, and, shrinking back, made her way to her own room.

The next day was still too stormy for out-of-door amusements. The gentlemen, consequently, were all in-doors, and most of the ladies were willing to entertain them.

Not so Miss Moore. She did not make her appearance at all until after breakfast; and then, instead of joining the company in the parlor, took a quiet seat and a book in the deserted library.

Thither, by some mysterious coincidence, came Mr. Traverso, in search of—of what, he scarcely knew. He had only been vaguely dissatisfied, and vaguely conscious of the want of something. Perhaps he found it when he found Miss Moore in the library.

Miss Moore though she had a volume in her hand, wasn't reading. She was leaning her chin on her hand, and her elbow on the window-sill, and was looking away toward the sea. She started when she saw Mr. Traverso.

She placed her hand in that half-hesitatingly held out to her. He did not immediately relinquish it. She turned away her face, and looked out again toward the sea.

"It was a terrible danger that you risked!" she said, with a shudder. "No one else would have dared it."

"So your opinion of me has somewhat changed since this morning?" he said, smiling.

"Oh, Mr. Traverso!" This time she fairly burst into tears; and Miss Scudamore, softly opening the door, was petrified at beholding them in a situation which convinced her that all her hopes in regard to Mr. Traverso were forever at an end.

A Mean Advantage. There was a score or more women gathered together at Mr. Johnson's house. Mr. Johnson is a good hearted man and a respectable citizen, though he is rather skeptical about some things. The women had just organized "The Foreign Benevolent Society," when Mr. Johnson entered the room. He was at once appealed to to donate a few dollars as a foundation to work on, and Mrs. Graham added:

"It would be so pleasant in after years for you to remember that you gave this society its first dollar and its first kind word."

He slowly opened his wallet, drew out a \$10 bill, and as the ladies snatched their lips and clapped their hands he asked:

"Is this society organized to aid the poor of foreign countries?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" they chorused. "And it wants money?"

"Yes—yes!"

"Well, now," said Johnson, as he folded the bill in a tempting shape, there are twenty married women here. If there are fifteen of you who can make oath that you have combed your children's hair this morning, washed the dishes, blacked the cook-stove, and made the beds, I'll donate this \$10."

"I have," answered two of the crowd, and the rest said:

"Why, now, Mr. Johnson?"

"If fifteen of you make oath that your husbands are not wearing socks with holes in the heels, this money is yours," continued the wretch.

"Just hear him!" they exclaimed, each one looking at the other.

"If ten of you have boys without holes in the knees of their pants, this 'X' goes to the society!" said Johnson.

"Such a man!" they whispered.

"If there are five pairs of stockings in this room that don't need darning I'll hand over the money!" he went on.

"Mr. Johnson," said Mrs. Graham, with great dignity, "the rules of this society declare that no money shall be contributed except by members; and as you are not a member I beg that you will withdraw and let us proceed with the routine business."

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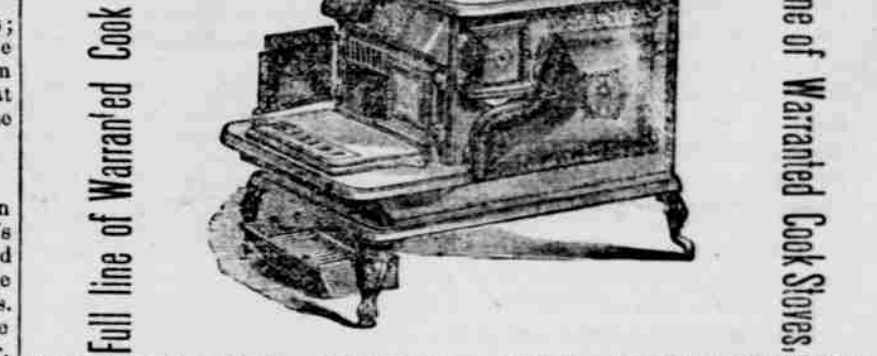
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TIME TABLE-K. P. R. R. The following is the time-table of the railroad and passenger cars of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Salina.

TRAINS GOING EAST. Mail No. 1, 7:30 a. m. Freight No. 2, 8:00 a. m. Freight No. 3, 8:30 a. m. Freight No. 4, 9:00 a. m. Freight No. 5, 9:30 a. m. Freight No. 6, 10:00 a. m. Freight No. 7, 10:30 a. m. Freight No. 8, 11:00 a. m. Freight No. 9, 11:30 a. m. Freight No. 10, 12:00 p. m. Freight No. 11, 12:30 p. m. Freight No. 12, 1:00 p. m. Freight No. 13, 1:30 p. m. Freight No. 14, 2:00 p. m. Freight No. 15, 2:30 p. m. Freight No. 16, 3:00 p. m. Freight No. 17, 3:30 p. m. Freight No. 18, 4:00 p. m. Freight No. 19, 4:30 p. m. Freight No. 20, 5:00 p. m. Freight No. 21, 5:30 p. m. Freight No. 22, 6:00 p. m. Freight No. 23, 6:30 p. m. Freight No. 24, 7:00 p. m. Freight No. 25, 7:30 p. m. Freight No. 26, 8:00 p. m. Freight No. 27, 8:30 p. m. Freight No. 28, 9:00 p. m. Freight No. 29, 9:30 p. m. Freight No. 30, 10:00 p. m. Freight No. 31, 10:30 p. m. Freight No. 32, 11:00 p. m. Freight No. 33, 11:30 p. m. Freight No. 34, 12:00 a. m. Freight No. 35, 12:30 a. m. Freight No. 36, 1:00 a. m. Freight No. 37, 1:30 a. m. Freight No. 38, 2:00 a. m. Freight No. 39, 2:30 a. m. Freight No. 40, 3:00 a. m. Freight No. 41, 3:30 a. m. Freight No. 42, 4:00 a. m. Freight No. 43, 4:30 a. m. Freight No. 44, 5:00 a. m. Freight No. 45, 5:30 a. m. Freight No. 46, 6:00 a. m. Freight No. 47, 6:30 a. m. Freight No. 48, 7:00 a. m. Freight No. 49, 7:30 a. m. Freight No. 50, 8:00 a. m. Freight No. 51, 8:30 a. m. Freight No. 52, 9:00 a. m. Freight No. 53, 9:30 a. m. Freight No. 54, 10:00 a. m. Freight No. 55, 10:30 a. m. Freight No. 56, 11:00 a. m. Freight No. 57, 11:30 a. m. Freight No. 58, 12:00 p. m. Freight No. 59, 12:30 p. m. Freight No. 60, 1:00 p. m. Freight No. 61, 1:30 p. m. Freight No. 62, 2:00 p. m. Freight No. 63, 2:30 p. m. Freight No. 64, 3:00 p. m. Freight No. 65, 3:30 p. m. Freight No. 66, 4:00 p. m. Freight No. 67, 4:30 p. m. Freight No. 68, 5:00 p. m. Freight No. 69, 5:30 p. m. Freight No. 70, 6:00 p. m. Freight No. 71, 6:30 p. m. Freight No. 72, 7:00 p. m. Freight No. 73, 7:30 p. m. Freight No. 74, 8:00 p. m. Freight No. 75, 8:30 p. m. Freight No. 76, 9:00 p. m. Freight No. 77, 9:30 p. m. Freight No. 78, 10:00 p. m. Freight No. 79, 10:30 p. m. Freight No. 80, 11:00 p. m. Freight No. 81, 11:30 p. m. Freight No. 82, 12:00 a. m. Freight No. 83, 12:30 a. m. Freight No. 84, 1:00 a. m. Freight No. 85, 1:30 a. m. Freight No. 86, 2:00 a. m. Freight No. 87, 2:30 a. m. Freight No. 88,